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THE small, white cloud was all alone in the arch of blue sky. Gilda was all alone, too, and small and white. She sat in a little old chair by the window and waited for Tommy. He would come thumping over the rickety stairs, his cheeks red, his eyes glowing. He would have things to tell . . . he had seen a dog fight, a fire, Miss Amberson in a perfectly beautiful hat! Miss Amberson was rich and kind. She gave parties and toys to the children at Christmas time although she did not know one of them.

Thump! Thump!

Tommy was coming over the rickety stairs. Gilda felt all tingly with happiness. He would ask her what she had been wishing for and she would say as she had the night before and the night before that and before that . . . a garden. Then he would ask her if her back had hurt much that day and what she had thought about when it hurt and she would say she had thought about a garden.

The door was flung open and Tommy was there in the room with her. "You wait right here, Gilda," he burst out (as if she *could* go anywhere else), "and I'll be back before too long with a surprise for you."

"Before Mother comes?" Gilda asked, because, if not, that would mean two long hours.

"Long before Mother comes," Tommy scoffed. "You just be patient and you'll see." He was gone, clattering down over the rickety stairs.

Outside the wind was blowing a gale, whirling bits of paper high in the air. It tore at Tommy's patched little coat



## The Velvet Garden

By Beulah King

and whipped more color into his glowing cheeks. The shop to which he was going was at the corner of the avenue. On the avenue there wouldn't be any paper but the people would laugh at the wind, lovely ladies, and jolly children with young nurses. He wanted Gilda to see the avenue some day, it might be the next best thing to seeing a garden. Suddenly the shop was beside him, its windows with their tiny panes gleaming like diamonds. In one of them, down in the right-hand corner, close to the glass, was what he had come for, a tiny bottle of perfume marked *Quelques Fleurs*. *Quelques Fleurs* was French and meant Some Flowers. He had asked a lady yesterday who stood beside him and she had told him, laughing. "Does it smell like a garden?" he had asked. "Exactly," she had answered.

He jingled his coins in his pocket and went in at the broad door. "How much

is that teeny bottle of perfume in the window?" he asked the tall lady with the ear rings.

"One dollar."

The shop spun around Tommy for a second and the tall lady who had said one dollar so crisply became twenty ladies, but dizzy though he was, Tommy made his decision. "I'll take it, please," he said. The tall lady raked it out of the window and Tommy laid his two fifties on the counter.

It was only when he was outside once again and the cool March wind blowing in his face that the awful realization that he had spent his last penny came to him. There was nothing left to buy the gay flowers in the Ten Cent Store window, which he had seen yesterday in a kind of ecstasy. It was the flow-

ers that had given him his idea for a garden for Gilda, the flowers and the green tissue paper that had come around Miss Amberson's Christmas-party gift. Like a flash the idea had come to him and made him happy, but flowers, however gay, must be fragrant, and so he had thought of the perfume. It had taken him all winter to save that dollar from his paper-money earnings but it had been fun to save it and gardens never bloom until spring. Gilda must wait again, Gilda who was always waiting.

The tears came into his eyes, smarted and ran down his cheeks. He would go home and tell her that things . . . had not come out as he had expected, and Gilda would not cry, she seldom cried. Perhaps he could tell her his plan of a garden. A lady was going by with a little boy. The lady looked at him and the little boy, and the man behind the little boy. It was silly to cry on the



street. He drew his hand across his eyes and got into a doorway, the way he was wont to do when the rain came suddenly when he was selling his papers. The doorway was sheltered and the wind rushed past it with a queer, swishing sound, blowing the people along in little skipping steps. If he should walk farther up the street, he would find the window of the Ten-Cent Store and the gay flowers, but he did not want to look at them, not even to think of them just yet.

Something was whirling about in the street, a brown thing, and round. It was blurred because of his tears. At any rate whatever it was an automobile would run it down presently. The automobiles on the avenue were swift and silent and sure. You felt that no matter how quick you were they were quicker. Only crossing near the policeman was safe. The something was moving again, it had just escaped the huge wheels of a car, it was coming in a direct line to the doorway. Tommy wiped his eyes and stared. With a final whirl it lay against his feet, quiet.

"A hat," Tommy cried. It wasn't brown really, that is it was all colors, that is . . . Tommy stooped and picked it up. Jiminy cricket! It was covered with flowers! Beautiful, soft velvet flowers, looking for all the world as if the wind of March would freeze them!

Tommy turned the hat slowly in his hands around and around. The whole crown was covered with flowers, tiny ones stuck in among the big ones, hundreds of them. He was stunned. It was strange they should have come to him like that, to him tucked away off in a doorway and . . . but no, he couldn't keep them, the hat belonged to one of the lovely ladies he sometimes met on the avenue. He must give it up, but he was glad it had come to him for he would tell Gilda and make her laugh in spite of her disappointment.

No one hatless on the sidewalk, mostly men anyhow. Tommy looked up and down the street. The owner of the hat was gone. "Oh," he said and ran with it as fast as he could. It was his, his, his! No one could take it from him but the hatless lady and the hatless lady had gone, very likely had got into her car and driven away with flushed cheeks. He hid the hat under his coat as he climbed the rickety stairs.

"Gilda!"

"Tommy!"

He was in the room with her again and they were both laughing to be together. "Gilda, cover your eyes. Don't dare look until I tell you to."

"How long, Tommy?"

"Oh, for a long time, I guess. You can turn back to and read if you want."

She swung around, her back to him. "I'll sing all the songs I know," she said.

"Good!" He brought the green tissue

paper and spread it on the top of a handbox, which held bits of rags for patching. It was to be a round garden and Tommy pierced the cardboard with circles and inner circles, and stuck the green paper to it fast.

"What is that funny popping noise, Tommy?"

"Don't ask questions, Gilda." It was the big pin going in and out of the stiff cardboard as Tommy made the circles. "Just keep on singing."

"What song shall I sing now?" Gilda's voice was excited.

"About the robins and the bluebirds."

"All right." Gilda's high little treble went on and Tommy took one by one the flowers from the lady's hat. Their stems were long and made of wire and they went through the holes he had pierced, oh, so nicely, first a violet, then a daisy, then a violet, then a primrose . . . "Keep on singing, Gilda." He was terribly happy. How straight and fine the flowers stood up on their wire stems! . . . then a forget-me-not, then a bluet, then a violet! A whole garden blossomed before him. He was trembling with joy.

"Can I look now, Tommy?"

"Not yet. Sing again about the robin."

"All right."

Tommy took the perfume bottle from his pocket. "Almost ready, Gilda." The stopper was hard to get off. "Almost ready."

"Tra-la-lala, trala-lala, tralala!" sang Gilda sweetly and Tommy put a drop of perfume on each flower very carefully.

"Gilda!" His voice was excited, more excited than she had ever known it to be. It crackled.

"Tommy, shall I look now?"

"One, two, three," said Tommy, and Gilda swung around.

It was very quiet in the room, not the stupid silence that Gilda had all day alone but a breathless silence that promised great things; Gilda was trembling with the vibration of it. "Tommy," she gasped, "I'm dreaming. I know I'm dreaming because I can smell the flowers!"

The great things promised by the silence had come . . . Gilda's happiness and Tommy's joy in it!

"Touch the flowers, Gilda. Smell them close."

"Just let me look at them, Tommy." Her eyes were big and round and shining. The twilight closed in on her, speechless with happiness, and on Tommy, saying excited words. It was long, long after their mother came before he told of the hat and the wind, and made them all laugh.

It was the hat that Gilda was thinking of and chuckling over the next afternoon, all alone with her fragrant garden. It was such a funny hat now that the flowers had gone. She was thinking, "There it lies, quite ugly, poor thing, and it was once so beautiful," when the

rat-a-tat sounded on the thin door.

"Come in," Gilda said, and a tall lady opened the door slowly. "Oh, you . . . you must be . . . Miss Amberson. Tommy says . . . Miss Amberson is like you," Gilda cried.

"Who is Tommy?"

"Tommy is my brother and once he went to your party and got a present and . . . are you Miss Amberson?" The tall lady nodded, smiling. "Please come in and sit down."

"I've been looking for you," Miss Amberson said, "and for Tommy." She patted Gilda's hand. "I want to know all my little Christmas guests and so I've come to call."

"I'm glad," Gilda said. "Tommy will be glad. See my garden!" Miss Amberson would have looked out of the window, indeed she had turned her head to look out when Gilda pointed to the velvet flowers on the handbox. "Isn't it a beautiful garden? Tommy made it for me out of perfume and green tissue paper and a lady's hat that the wind stole . . . because I'd never seen a garden."

Miss Amberson looked at it, then she got up and went close, smelling the flowers and exclaiming "Oh" and "Ah" at their beauty. It was when she came back to Gilda in the little old chair that all her joy seemed to have left her. "My dear little girl," she said, and Gilda was certain there were tears in her eyes, "you shall see a garden, lots of gardens this summer, you and Tommy. You shall go into the country with me."

"Into the country!" Gilda cried, her eyes shining. "Oh, say it again, please."

And Miss Amberson said it over and over and they both cried a little, Gilda for joy and Miss Amberson because of the little velvet garden. "You shall sit in the sun all day, dear, and get well and Tommy will romp and gather you flowers, all kinds of flowers. Won't that be fun?" And then just to make Gilda laugh harder, she added, "I'll tell you a secret. That hat the wind stole was mine. Will you believe it?"

"I'll believe anything now," Gilda chuckled, and when Tommy came thumping over the rickety stairs, Miss Amberson was saying all sorts of happy things and Gilda was believing every one of them.

## Book Notes

Two new books in which girls, especially, will be interested have been sent to us by the publishers. These are:

BETTY LOU OF BIG LOG MOUNTAIN, by May Justus, and PEGGY TAKES A HAND, by Gladys Allen, both published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, N. Y.

Reviews of these books will be given in the autumn.



"THERE goes the summer's fun!" complained Rita Hall, tossing a dainty little note across the table to her brother Seth. "And I did so want to have Molly Whittaker up here during July and August."

"Won't she come? What's the matter?" Seth went on spreading golden flapjacks.

"Read!" insisted Rita, indicating the pink note.

"Bersa Fuller — who's she?" demanded Seth. "Wants to board with us for eight weeks . . . needs the rest and change . . . will pay generously."

Rita nodded. "As if money could pay for the good times we can't have now! I'll have to stay home and cook for the boarder. And she'll be afraid of every little mountain bear and old Buffo and kangaroo rats in the attic."

"Don't pay any attention to her. Fix up the front room for her, and when she comes just tell her that you're not going to do anything extra, just because she's here. We'll go on living the way we have, and if she doesn't like it she can return to city life any time she wishes."

"Yes, but — she won't know how to ride a horse, probably. Anyway, not on rough mountain trails."

"Stop worrying!" laughed Seth. "I could eat another two or three flapjacks. Give this Miss Fuller a chance to fill her lungs with mountain air — and if we don't want her here, we can tell her it isn't convenient. It's just a little business arrangement — that's all."

"Of course — board money would help buy books next fall," admitted Rita. "And maybe Molly can come up and help entertain our boarder."

"Aren't you lonely here?" was the first remark that Bersa made on entering the long living room of the log house on Mount Fresno, where Rita and Seth lived with their father; who, after long service in city schools, had retired to this quiet spot and was assembling his scientific notes for publication.

"Lonely!" echoed Rita. "We're too busy to be lonely."

"But the crickets and frogs and the mournful sighing of the pines — those noise give me the creeps."

"You'll get used to them and love them," said Rita. "You won't hear them — any more than you hear the awful roar of city traffic. Just make up your



## BERSA'S INDIAN

### Winifred Davidson



mind not to hear — it's what we have to do when we're nearly deafened by city noises!"

"Are you going to share my room with me? I hope so," ventured Bersa, nervously, when Rita showed her the big, bare chamber.

"Oh, no! I have a tiny place nearer the kitchen. I'm up with the birds. You wouldn't be comfortable with me in the room," laughed Rita. "But Seth's in the loft overhead. And Dad's room is between you and the front door. So just feel that you're here to get rested and strong and that nothing unpleasant can happen to you."

"I'll try," said Bersa; but Rita went back to Seth with a whispered,

"We're in for fussing! Let's hope old Buffo doesn't get excited and that the coyotes don't spend the night howling. I'm afraid she won't sleep a wink as it is."

"And I'll probably have to take her back to the station first thing in the morning," groaned Seth.

Bersa was very pale when she came out to breakfast, but she made no complaint.

"I was going to ride over to the Indian reservation," said Rita. "I go once a week to look after the littlest babies — the mothers like to have me — and I like to do it."

"You don't go alone, do you?" asked Bersa anxiously.

"Oh, yes. It's a rough trail, as are all these mountain paths. But I've been over it a hundred times lately. Wouldn't you like to go? You can ride Seth's pony. There's a wonderful view of the lower valleys."

"I've never ridden except on level places . . . but, yes, I'll be glad to go," said Bersa, plucking up courage.

"Good!" laughed Rita. "I'll pack some lunch and we can take plenty of time."

"But we'll be back before dark, won't we?"

"I don't know. You never can tell what will happen on a mountain — any more than you can in a big city!" Rita said. "Ana Marta's baby always needs something. Have you ever seen tiny Indian babies?"

"The only Indian I know very well is an old fellow who brings down pine needles for the arts-and-crafts classes. And I don't know his name. He's a dreadful looking old man — but he's a friend of mine."

On the trail toward the reservation Bersa's frightened grip on the bridle nearly caused Seth's pony to unseat her more than once. All the pleasure of the ride was lost because of Rita's having to watch Bersa constantly, to keep her from injuring Beno's mouth by nervous jerks, and from falling out of the saddle when the trail suddenly became almost perpendicular.

"Are we almost there?" Bersa asked again and again, until Rita almost lost patience; for she was thinking of the fun she and Molly had had the summer before, scampering up and down that very way, back and forth and around trees and boulders.

"You'd better save your scares for the return ride!" Rita finally warned her guest. "There's one place where the ponies have to sit down and slide — but that's a short-cut and if we get started back in time we needn't take it."

Rita's friends at the reservation greeted the girls with solemn smiles. The babies were all doing well. Even Ana Marta's small Domingo was thriving at last. There was not the slightest excuse for delaying the





return to Hall's Hanging House, as Seth had named the log cottage. As soon as the ponies were rested, Rita and her guest were again in the saddle. It was just as they turned into the small path leading up out of the village that Ana Marta ran after them, crying,

"Domingo . . . queek! He break hees arm, Mees Rita!"

"What did I tell you?" laughed Rita. "That Domingo simply always has to have special care."

She wheeled and dismounted, leaving Bersa to look after herself. Running back to the small huts, she found the child crying and one of the old squaws preparing to pack the injured arm in mud. Rescuing Domingo from the ignorant old woman, Rita gave him first aid, and explained to Ana Marta how to take care of him until she could send her father, who would set the arm. Then again she dashed into the trail. Bersa was nowhere in sight.

"She never would have dared to go down alone!" Rita told herself; but there were Beno's little hoof tracks exactly disproving her words! Bersa had actually started.

Urging her own pony into his best speed, Rita found herself hurling downward faster than she had ever before ridden. Now and again she drew in, calling Bersa's name; but, receiving in reply only the echo of her own anxious voice, again she hastened on. She was nearing the perilous long slide — the short-cut of which she had spoken to Bersa — when she came upon her guest, standing beside Beno. Bersa's face was very white.

"What's the matter?" asked Rita. "Are you hurt, Bersa?"

Bersa shook her head. "I was trying to get over being so dreadfully scared," she explained, slowly. "I knew that there must have been a first time when you rode over this trail and I thought if I tried it alone — maybe you wouldn't be so disgusted with me for being frightened. I'm not usually such a coward — but —"

"Why, Bersa — I'm not disgusted with you!" cried Rita, rather impatiently. "I'm afraid of — well, not exactly afraid of, but nervous when I am around busy corners in the city, and elevators in high buildings . . . it's just that this life on the mountain is different from what you're used to . . . but, we've got to hurry, Bersa. I don't know what old Luisa will do to Domingo before Dad gets back to set his arm. Come on!" And Rita lay along her pony's neck while the sturdy little beast sat down and slid to the next level.

Bersa, summoning all her courage, climbed into the saddle, shutting her eyes and holding her breath while Beno followed his brother's example.

As the girls were cantering along the now widened trail, Rita gave Bersa little

hints about mountain riding; teaching her the use of the knee brace in dangerous places.

"It's something the Indians learned to do — long ago — when they used to ride without saddles. An Indian, without saddle or bridle, had more control over his pony than most riders ever learn — oh! there's old Buffo!"

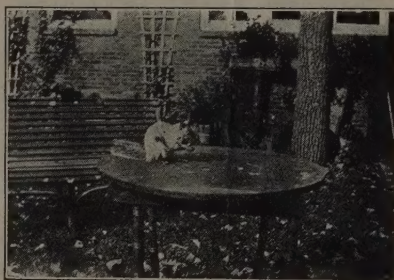
Rita's confident tone had suddenly changed to a note of terror. In front of the log house stood an Indian, in threatening attitude.

"What is it?" asked Bersa in a hushed echo of Rita's voice. "What is he going to do?"

"He hates everyone who comes to live on the mountain. He has been trying to drive Dad away — he says he will burn the house. And that means all Dad's precious papers!"

The girls had dismounted and Rita was leading the way up over a rocky path, in order to come down on the other side and get into the house from the rear.

"That's the reason I've been trying to help the Indians on the reservation, so



### Mr. Bushy-Tail Dines

BY CARILYN STEVENS

Little Mr. Bushy-Tail,  
In a tree on high,  
Was eating nuts for dinner  
When what should he spy

But the house-door open;  
Out came children, two,  
Carrying a table.  
What would they do?

With bright eyes he watched them.  
It was plain to see  
That they set the table  
Underneath HIS tree.

"Folks are kind," he chuckled,  
Looking down in glee,  
"To provide a dining-room  
Just for little me."

Down the tree he scampered  
Hopped on the table, bare.  
If you look closely  
You'll see him dining there.

that they'll tell old Buffo and maybe induce him to be friends with us," Rita went on, sadly.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hall and Seth were standing in the front door when the girls came in through the kitchen.

"You go 'way from here!" old Buffo was saying.

"Bersa — slip into your room," whispered Rita. "There's no use making him any angrier than he already is. Dad has made him leave us alone this long — maybe he can drive him off again."

But Bersa paid no attention to Rita. She walked to the front door and stood beside Mr. Hall.

"Why — it's my friend!" she said, reaching a hand to old Buffo.

For a moment the angry Indian frowned. He had never seen Bersa, his eyes seemed to say.

Then Bersa laughed. "Bring me that light blue dress, will you, please, Rita?" she asked, without turning from the door.

Draping the pretty garment over her rough outdoor costume, Bersa again addressed the Indian.

"Now — do you know me?"

Old Buffo smiled gravely. "Theese your friend . . . een theese house?" he asked.

"Yes. They are my very good friends," said Bersa.

"Theese my friend, too," said old Buffo. "You good friend. You friend my friend."

Old Buffo came inside. While Rita helped her father to get ready for the ride to the reservation with a case packed with splints and other necessities, Bersa explained,

"He's the Indian who brings down the pine needles. I saved him from being run down by an auto one day and now we are good friends."

"I don't know what might have become of us," said Rita, gently, "if you hadn't come to stay with us, Bersa."

"I'm beginning to love it up here," Bersa admitted. "Crickets and frogs — and coyotes — and everything."

### Love Me!

BY MARTIN E. RICHTER

Love me, says the flower,  
Love me, says the tree;  
Love me, says the sunshine,  
Says the bumblebee.

Love me, say the dew-drops,  
And the sky above.  
Love! Love! says each moment,  
For all life is love.

Love me, says the brother,  
Says the sister, too.  
Love! Love! all are longing  
To be loved by you!



## The Boy Whose Name Was Peace

By Eva R. Baird

"A LANTERN Year in the city," said Shop-keeper Rui. He was unloading the incense from his back, the getting of which had been his errand into the city.

"It never is," said Grandmother Rui. "Not since Modern Ways came to Wing Hsein has there been a Lantern Procession in the City."

"And see their misfortunes," chimed in Mother Rui. "Last year it was cholera, and the year before it was bandits. Now it's the soldiery camping everywhere, who knows what it will be next? The dragon quakes in anger."

"Seems like he quakes a little at Home Gardens, sometimes," said Shop-keeper Rui. "I hear the soldiery are spreading over the countryside, and camping even in small towns like this."

"Quick with the Lanterns, then," said Grandmother. "Whatever Wing Hsein may do, Home Gardens must be merry on the Second Night of the Second Moon, that the Dragon may be pacified."

Rui-An whose name in plain English would be Peace, listened attentively. He knew of course about the Feast of Lanterns, the Second Night of the Second Moon, when the Dragon raised his head. For hundreds of years, or maybe thousands, the Chinese race had known what to do on that occasion. The Dragon raises his head to see if all is well, and if it is he sleeps again. If there is light and sound of merriment, he rests content; but if the world seems rife with trouble he shakes himself to see how much more he can make!

Rui-An had often thought how clever those Ancient Chinese, who thought of the First Lantern Festival, had been. Even though crops were bad and pestilence stalked the land, they paused in their bad luck a week to make and play with Lanterns. And the Dragon was fooled. Surely so gay a people were not in trouble. He would take another year's nap.

"Mother, am I not tall enough this year for a Lion's Leg or something?" asked Rui-An. His mother looked at him thoughtfully.

"You are very tall for your age," she said. "I do not know what your father would say. We may not have a Lion this year. North had one last year, you remember. You do seem large to be only a fish or a duck. We'll see." And Rui-An knew that she would, for that was the kind of mother she was.

As far back as Rui-An could remember he had been a fish or duck or some small animal among the Lanterns. Of course that was great fun. The Small Lanterns of children are in two sections, so that their own bodies fit in between the head

and tail of whatever they are representing. Then when the Lantern is lighted they go about quacking or swimming as the case may be.

But this year Rui-An wanted to be a Carrier of one of the really Big Lanterns. The largest ones in the Home Gardens' procession were the four which came from the four parts of the village. North, South, East, and West competed in Lanterns to which their whole section of town contributed. They were huge paper affairs, representing pagodas, or ships, or some large animal like the lion or even the Dragon himself. Rui-An longed to be a Lion's Leg. What fun it would be to walk through the town on Lantern Night, with three other boys just his height, all covered with gay paper, and with the Lion's Body above them all lit up. On the strength of his mother's half-promise Rui-An began to think over the boys of East-End where they lived, trying to pick out three others who would match him in size. East-End always had a good Lantern.

But Rui-An did not get to be the Lion's Leg. For a day or two he wondered if he was going to be anything, or if Home Gardens was going to have any Lantern Procession at all. Word came from Wing Hsein of a mutiny of the soldiers, and that the city was in an uproar. All thought of celebrating the Lantern Festival there had been given up. And fear was spreading over the countryside, that the soldiers having got out of control would soon be looting the small towns around.

"The city will hold them this week," said Shop-keeper Rui. "But when they've got all there is there, the little places like Home Gardens will come next. And what protection have we? About next week they'll strike us. Shall we flee from our village, and leave them everything, or shall we organize for resistance?"

"My son, let not panic seize your soul." It was Grandmother who spoke like an oracle. "Shall the Dragon raise his head and find Home Gardens either fleeing or fighting? By the spirit of our ancestors, no. We shall be keeping the Lantern Festival as we have this thousand years."

It was soon discovered that Grandmother Rui was not the only one who felt that way about it. All the elders of Home Gardens whose words were supposed to be wisdom were of the same mind. If trouble was abroad all the more reason why the Dragon must be satisfied. When he raised his head on the Second Night of the Second Moon, he should hear the sound of revelry and see the Lighted Lanterns and sleep again.

Didn't they all know that if he heard the sound of trouble he would shake himself and arise to add to it, and then there would be trouble indeed.

There really was no safe place to flee to, and Home Gardens could have offered but very weak resistance to armed soldiers, and so with the courage of desperation they went about their preparation for a Lantern Festival as usual.

East-End had decided to have a Dragon. Common animals were not popular this year. North was preparing a Pagoda, which should appease the spirits of the air, South was constructing a Temple with idols and incense, and West was making a Buddha who was to sit on a Lotus Flower. East-End thought that theirs was really the best of all. The Real Dragon would be pleased when he saw himself imitated in this gayly colored and lighted Lantern, so large that it would require a dozen carriers.

Rui-An was delighted when he found that he was to be one of the Carriers. He wouldn't show at all, as he would have had he been a Lion's Leg, which would have been lighted, but he would have all the fun of being in the Procession. The Carriers of the Dragon were boys of varying height, for the Dragon must undulate in its movements. Rui-An's place was near the middle of the body.

Came at last the Festival Night. Through the streets moved the gay Procession. First came the Small Lanterns, fish and fowl and flying creatures, little boats and sedan chairs. Many were burning incense, for the Procession this year was more than a Festival, it was a Prayer to the gods. Last of all came the Big Four, which were always awaited with excited interest. By common consent the Buddha came first, then the Temple and the Pagoda, and last of all the Dragon himself. He seemed to be escorted by the others.

Rui-An thrilled as he heard the plaudits of the crowd, who lined the streets. Possible danger had been almost forgotten in the joy of the familiar festival. Presently the word was passed along that the Procession would march to the extreme ends of the town to scatter the crowd a little. Last year a boy had been pushed off a bridge and drowned.

Gayly they paraded down the Main Street to the South Gate which marked the end of the village. There were no walls, but at the North and South Ends there were old entrance gates. Back they came, stretching out on the East and West arms of the village, which were not so long. By that time the crowds were not following so closely. Everyone had seen everything. The North End was a long straggling street with the houses far apart. They need not have gone to the end of it. But the Large



Lanterns did press on toward the North Gate, the smaller ones turning back.

It was the Buddha on the Lotus Flower who was surprised by a rush of looting soldiers just ready to enter Home Gardens. Buddha dropped to the ground, and his Carriers fled. The Temple and Pagoda met with the same fate. But the Carriers of the Dragon for some reason held on to their Lantern. The two end men however fled in different directions, those nearest them followed, and the paper Dragon was torn in two.

Rui-An, who scarcely realized what was happening found himself suddenly standing alone in the gateway, holding the Dragon's hump, lighted above him, while the Buddha on the Lotus Flower illuminated his feet, and the Temple and Pagoda guarded him on either side. He made a fantastic picture to the oncoming looters.

"What is your name?" asked an astonished leader, pausing before the unusual sight. And the word he used for name did not mean surname but given name. Rui-An looked at him dumbly for a moment, then he answered fearlessly,

"My name is Peace."

The soldiers paused and some of them slunk backward. They had been trained with the German goose-step, had known Russian advisers, and had the enlightening influence of Japan and the West. But they had not grown so modern but that they hesitated before the Dragon's hump, protected by a Temple and a Pagoda, and illuminated by a Buddha on a Lotus Flower.

"His name is Peace," they muttered. "His name is Peace. This place is not for us." And they fled in greater terror than the inhabitants of Home Gardens had known.

And so Home Gardens was saved by keeping the Festival as usual. The Dragon could sleep another year.

## Jolly June

BY CORA MAY PREBLE

Jubilant, joyous, jolly June,  
Glad we are you've come so soon!  
Birds are caroling so gay,  
Bees and butterflies at play—  
You're the happiest time of year,  
For you bring vacation here!

Soft green velvet on the ground,  
Sunbeams sifting gold around;  
Buds and blossoms everywhere  
Lifting faces fragrant, fair.  
What a happy month are you—  
Lovely June with skies of blue.

Children romp and dance and sing,  
Happy as the birds on wing.  
Jubilant, joyous, jolly June,  
Glad we are you've come so soon.  
You're the happiest time of year,  
For you bring vacation here.

## The Isles of Shoals

By M. Louise C. Hastings

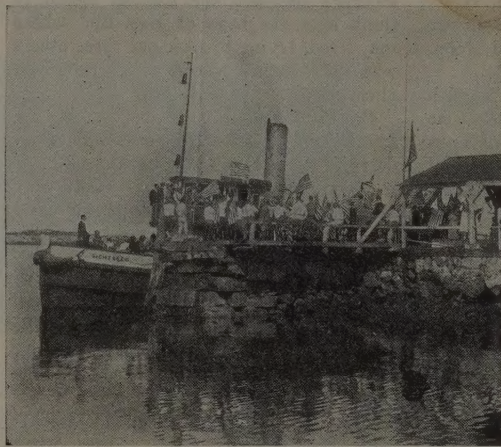
**S**HALL we take a trip together, you and I? The weather is fair, the sea is calm, and conditions are ideal for our ride in the little boat, *The Sight-seer*, over to the Isles of Shoals.

There is an hour's sail before us, right out into the open sea, before we reach our destination. Are your opera glasses ready? There will be much to see, and you will be glad to draw the various pictures closer to your eyes as we sail out of the old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and past Newcastle and the Kittery shores toward those dim, gray-looking shapes in the distance.

Mere specks they look at first, like mountain tips pointing up out of the ocean, but as we sail along they grow larger to our vision, and finally someone asks, in almost breathless anticipation, "Can those islands be the Shoals?" It

Layman's League and Department of Religious Education, The Alliance, and the General Conference, all contribute programs of religious and educational import. These meetings have been and are the great "Mecca" for the interchanging of ideas and methods in each branch represented. But far greater than the valuable helps and information received is the deep spiritual uplift which comes from the islands themselves, and from fellowship with kindred souls in daily contact. Once felt, this sensation is never forgotten. The fellowship is enveloping; the friendliness is genuine; everyone invariably gives of his best so that there is a constant overflowing of good-will; and Nature plays into this choice spiritual "togetherness" in inexplicable ways. Is it any wonder that our hearts respond to the call? The mere mention of "The Shoals" in after years brings back from hidden depths the unforgettable and unspeakable impressions which we have received.

Before our trip we have of course made ourselves familiar with the life of the Loughton family, through the letters and poems of Celia Thaxter, and the poems of "Uncle Oscar," whom we shall meet, and grow to love as all the Shoalers do. This gives us a personal touch and a literary atmosphere which makes the first trip, and every succeeding one, very choice and very precious in many ways. As we stand on the broad piazza of "The Oceanic" and look across to the larger island, "Apple-dore," the home of the Loughton family for so many years, we can picture



seems too good to be true! The dream we have cherished is becoming real at last. We draw up to the wharf amid the cheers of "S-t-a-r! S-t-a-r! Oceanic! Oceanic! Rah! Rah! Rah!" and as we set foot on Star Island it seems as if we were touching holy ground, as indeed we are,—

"All space is holy  
For all space is filled by Thee."

The Isles of Shoals, ten miles from the mainland where we stepped into our little boat, consist of nine islands, all interesting both from a literary and a historical point of view, but the one which engages our special attention is Star Island where we have just landed.

This island is, so far as we know, the only island in the world wholly given up to the purposes of religion. During July and August we Unitarians, and the last two weeks in August the Congregationalists, have meetings here. The Young People's Religious Union, the

the hotel and the cottages, especially Celia Thaxter's cottage with its famous garden. We can vision John G. Whittier and other great lovers of the same splendid things in life in happy communion with each other in her home.

These islands were once the haunts of smugglers and pirates. Now aren't you boys glad you landed on a real island where real pirates have worked and lived? There are stories and legends telling of hidden treasures brought here through the peril of the sea, safe from the haunts of man. Shall you spend some of your time hunting for them? At one time the people believed that the spirits of the smugglers were ever wandering over the islands, watching for those who would disturb their secrets buried so very long ago. So be careful what you do!

Fishery was carried on here in the early days of American history. There were flourishing villages and towns on the islands with churches and schools.



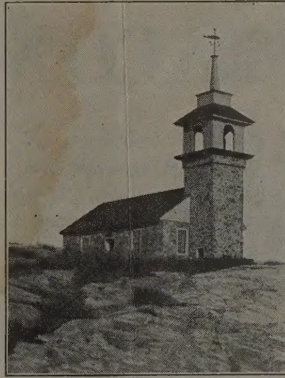
When we have time we may like to consult Williamson's *History of Maine* for descriptions and habits of these early settlers of the Shoals, and I am sure we shall all wish to read *Among the Shoals*, by Celia Thaxter, who pictures with sympathetic charm the low cottages which were all going to decay, yet made beautiful by Nature who covers up her scars with her exquisite lichen embroidery. James Russell Lowell has written a beautiful poem describing Appledore which we shall appreciate, now that we are looking at it across the water. His poem will make vivid all that Appledore used to be. Sara Orne Jewett's *On Star Island* pictures the old town of Gosport with its "church, the surest landmark" for the fisherman.

But now that you and I are on Star Island we are to investigate without books, and find those treasures awaiting us on every hand. Nature has great surprises for us.

Shall we rise very early some morning and receive the salutation of the dawn from the rose-tinted rocks close to the water's edge? In the heat of the day shall we climb high upon the rocks and look far across the water, and wonder and think and question? Or on some cloudy morning, damp yet not quite rainy, shall we sit on the moist rocks and listen in silence to that incessant moving of the water, that restless leaping and falling, and feel the fine salt mist dampening our cheeks and hair?

If you are interested in geology, here you will find ample opportunity to study the "coarse granite mixed with masses and seams of quartz and felspar and gneiss and mica-slate, and interspersed with dikes of trap running in all directions"; if bird study appeals to you there are gulls, and terns, and sandpipers, and swallows, and song sparrows to study in a different environment to that with which you are familiar, and it is possible that rare birds might be heard; if flowers are one of your hobbies you will not need to look far for your first surprise, because the little bluets (*Houstonia*) look up at you from the grass like children's sweet faces waiting to be kissed; if you are keen on sea life, and are willing to search and search, you may be rewarded by finding the "sea garden" of star fish and other sea animals among the rocks, where you will be amply repaid for your perilous climb.

I know we shall enjoy the evenings at the Shoals, too. There will be exquisite sunsets to be seen over the water, and there are the sunset services on the western end of the hotel piazza. We shall always remember being a part of the candle-light services in the little old stone meeting house, and I am sure the memory of being one of that silent procession winding up over the rocks, each one carrying his own lantern, will grow choice every time we call it to mind.



Then on those evenings when the moon is full, shall we sit up till after midnight and end the days, a few of them, watching the moon on the water making its silvery path for our thoughts to dance upon?

The "spirit of the Shoals" has fallen upon us. Now it belongs. How do you feel about it, boys and girls? Have you had a good time at the Shoals? Sometime I trust that you will really and truly go. I know that when that time comes you will find treasures far greater than any the old-time smugglers and pirates hid there. And the greetings of *The Beacon* to you when that glorious experience comes your way!

### A Bean-Bag Race

BY DAISY BROWN

A bean-bag game which will prove interesting to a group of children between six and nine years of age at a party or in a neighborhood backyard, is played in this way.

Have two five by seven inch bean-bags.

Divide the children into two even lines about four feet apart; call the groups the "Gettums" and the "Gophers" or some other catchy names. Have the leaders of the lines stand on crosses that are marked on the floor with white chalk, or, if played out-of-doors, painted on the ground. Five feet from the leaders, draw circles one foot and a half in diameter. The game is to throw the bean-bag into the circle, not touching the line. At a signal from the starter, the leader of each line throws his bag into the circle. If successful, he scores one in a final score of twenty. As soon as the bag falls, the scorer picks it up, and throws it to the second child, while the first one runs to the head of his line. The game continues until one line scores twenty. The scorer may keep his tally on paper or on a large board.

To give added zest to the game, the winners may be told that each one is to receive a kiss from his hostess, his teacher, or the one in charge, and he does, — a taffy candy kiss nicely done up in tissue paper!

### Summer School

BY ISABEL NEILL

When school is out and books put by,  
I go to classes taught by trees,  
By friendly birds and silver fish,  
By scolding squirrels and busy bees.

My schoolroom is a charming place,  
Its bright blue roof is high and gay,  
The green grass spreads a carpet soft,  
New flower pictures bloom each day.

I learn the ways of woodland folk,  
The wild, sweet laws of Nature's rule,  
What wonder that I long for them,  
The happy days of summer school!



THE JUNIOR CHOIR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH SCHOOL, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Dear Beacon Club Members:

Again we must say good-bye for the summer. During the past year we have added 193 new members to our Club, from 23 states and from Canada. Many new friendships have been formed between young people in different parts of our country. Some letters which we have not space to publish now will be published in the autumn. We wish for all our readers a summer filled with health, happiness, and helpfulness.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

4664 PERSHING AVE.,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Editor: I am ten years old and I go to the Unitarian Church. My teacher's name is Miss Stauch. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy the stories in it very much. I would like to join the Club and wear the pin. I would like it very much if some girl of my age would correspond with me.

Sincerely,

MIRIAM WILSON.

1055 GREEN ST.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club very much. I am eleven years old and in the high-7th grade. I have gone to the Unitarian Sunday school since last October, but I have missed quite a few Sundays. I should like to correspond with someone of my age.

Sincerely,

BETTY ATKINS.

144 HEMSTEAD ST.,  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Dear Editor: I go to the Unitarian Church in New London. Our minister is Rev. W. J. Greene. I am very anxious to join the Beacon Club. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Mildred Kip. My school is Miss Allen's. I am in the third grade. A boy in my grade has a pin and I like it very much.

Yours truly,

WALTER LANDON DOUGLASS, JR.

14 CHURCH ST.,  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Dear Editor: I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and would like to join your club. I attend All Souls' Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss Mildred Kip. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade.

Sincerely,

CHARLES EARL ROSE.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## Sunrise in California

By LETA MAY BEACH (AGE 13)

Up from the purple mountains  
Came a flush of rosy red,  
As I looked out of my window  
Over my pansy bed.

First it was quite bright,  
Then dimmer and dimmer it grew  
'Til there was nothing left  
But tints of pink, and the blue;

In a moment or two the sky was ablaze  
And, climbing up on high,  
Apollo, the Sun God, was  
Racing across the sky.  
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA.

## Spring Is Coming

By ELEANOR COOK (AGE 9)

Spring is coming,  
Spring is coming,  
Have you heard the bees a-humming?  
Hark! the flower bells are ringing,  
And the happy robins singing.

Hear them singing,  
Hear them singing,  
In the treetops where they're swinging,  
Then they fly o'er grass and flowers,  
In and out among the bowers.

58 HOWLAND ST.,  
MARLBORO, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am ten years old and go to the Unitarian church. My minister's name is Mr. Gesner and my teacher is his daughter. I like *The Beacon* very much. I would like to correspond with some one in England about my age, or with some one in this country.

Yours truly,

DORIS MOORE.

306 COTTAGE ST.,  
ATHOL, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Unitarian Church of Athol. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. My teacher's name is Mrs. Coffin. I should like to become a member of the Club and wear its button. I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade. I would like to have some girls of my age correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,

MARION EVANS.

## Puzzlers

### Enigma

I am composed of 34 letters and am the first line of a song which many schools will sing on Children's Sunday.

My 10, 26, 19, 5 is sensible.

My 24, 13, 18, 30 is part of a harness.

My 3, 8, 32, 23, 28 means thought about things.

My 17, 29, 12, 9 means to tell of danger.

My 14, 21, 25, 31 is a metal.

My 7, 27, 34, 20 is an obstacle.

My 4, 11, 6, 30, 33 is a river in France.

My 16, 2, 24, 1 is a pronoun.

My 15, 33, 22, 18 is the name of one of the sons of Jacob.

"WEST ROXBURY."

### A Riddle

By RACINE HARWOOD (AGE 10)

Riddle me, riddle me, roatitoat,  
I met a man in a red coat;  
A stick in his hand,  
A stone in his throat,  
Riddle me, riddle me, roatitoat.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 34

Enigma.—Charles A. Lindbergh.

Twisted States.—1. Alabama. 2. Maryland. 3. Kansas. 4. Louisiana. 5. Wyoming. 6. Wisconsin. 7. Utah. 8. Texas. 9. Virginia. 10. Oregon.

Charade.—Friend-ship.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 35

Enigma.—Where there is a will there is a way.

Mixed Flowers.—1. Rose. 2. Aster. 3. Geranium. 4. Sweet Pea. 5. Cosmos. 6. Calendula. 7. Poppy. 8. Nasturtium. 9. Marigold. 10. Dahlia.

Word Square.—F A R M

A R E A

R E A M

M A M A

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